

Pillows and A Party Clown by Carerra_os

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Summary:

Day 29 Pillow

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“You look fucking stupid” Steve blurts out like he is not naked, like this is not dangerous like he was not just getting off to this dangerous man, who already beat his face in once and could easily do it again. The party going on downstairs is loud enough that Billy could do it right here and no one would hear him. Billy is in his space pulling him back up to his feet, like he weighs nothing and Steve is maybe a little lost, struck dumb and horny by those big hands on him, that little reminder of danger just adding to it.

Pillows and A Party Clown

Author's Note:

Day Twenty-Nine Pillow from the Harringrove April Prompts

Pillows and A Party Clown

Steve has a house full of people and a headache the size of Indiana, he has no idea what made him agree to this, why did he have to let Karen Wheeler have Holly's birthday party here. There are so many yelling children and parents getting drunk to tune out their own kids, getting just as loud themselves. She had caught him in a moment of weakness, when he was already tired from a shift at Scoops Ahoy, cornered him and wore him down until he agreed, using a weepy Holly as a prop.

Steve regrets ever getting involved with the Wheelers, they are all devious, Nancy and Mike have both used their skills clearly learned from their mother to get him into situations he has regretted over the years. But he is soft and when they are not using their powers for brain crushing evil they are not so bad, except Mike who is still a little shit because once upon a time Steve dated Nancy and he still is not over it. So now he has a house full of people and each new noise makes his head throb harder and Steve needs to not be here right now.

The problem is it is his house he cannot exactly just leave, his mother would be appalled if she ever found out. Steve escapes the too bright backyard when the kids start beating each other with balloon swords that he thinks some clown Karen hired made. Steve has not been paying attention to busy flinching at each sound, each shriek and clap, holding a cool glass coke bottle against his forehead and still finding no relief.

Steve finds mild relief from his pain by getting out of the heat of the midday sun but it is not enough to quell his headache and closing the sliding glass door behind him hardly does anything to block out the noise. He makes his way to the kitchen dodging the mother hurrying by carrying a tray of something that smells too sweet for Steve's tastes at the moment, nose scrunching as his stomach threatens to roll. Steve leans against the doorframe and closes his eyes for a moment, a hand against his forehead has his eyes shooting open again.

"You're not looking so good Steve, maybe you should lay down." Mrs. Henderson says, eyeing him worriedly.

"I'm going to, I just need my pills and some water." Steve has pills for these headaches, good pills, he just needs to take one and lay down for a bit and he will be good as new.

"Alright dear, where are they? I'll get them for you." Claudia says hand smoothing his hair back before she leaves him to go search in the cabinet he points to. It does not take her long to find them, there is only one prescription bottle with his name on it in the small cabinet, most of them have his mother's name and he is fairly certain they are expired by now, she never comes back long enough to need them or worry about them anymore. "Go have a rest dear, if you aren't down before it's time to cut the cake I'll save you a piece." She says kindly as she hands him the bottle with a cool bottle of water, giving his shoulder a pat before she moves back to where she is putting the finishing touches on Holly's cake.

"Thank Mrs. Henderson." Steve mumbles before making the trek upstairs to his bedroom. It is blissfully cool and dark and more muffled than it had been down stairs, Steve strips out of his shorts and tee shirt, leaving him in his briefs as he settles on the edge of his bed. He takes one of his pills with half the bottle of water before sliding under the covers to lay back against the cool sheets eyes fluttering closed as he waits for the pill to start taking effect.

Steve is not sure how long he is out for, enough time for his medicine to start taking effect. There is an ache in his jaw though, body still wound too tight, so he has not slept long enough, he sighs he can hear the party outside his window still in full swing. Steve chews his lip, he knows what usually works to get the tension out of his body but he is hesitant to proceed with a house full of people just down stairs.

He is already half hard though, his dreams leaving evidence in the waking world, the taunting call of “Pretty boy”, the phantom grinding of hips all too hard to resist. Steve slides his briefs off hand lazily stroking his cock a few times before he grabs a pillow and rolls on his belly, kicking the blankets off as he ruts against the soft linen. Steve presses his face against his other pillow as he keeps on rolling his hips, hand moving to bunch the pillow up just right.

Steve thinks of Billy, he is always thinking of Billy these days, even when he starts out thinking about some pretty girl or even another attractive guy, his mind slides right back to Billy. He is inescapable, all tan skin and golden curls and Steve wonders if he would rut against him in bed the same way he did back in high school on the basketball court. Steve’s dick is fully hard as he rubs it against the soft pillow, the ridges from the crinkling giving him more friction as he presses down the soft fluff of it with his hips.

Steve is just starting to get into a good rhythm, pre starting to drip and smear into the soft cotton of his pillowcase. He is ignorant to the world, has managed to tune out the sounds of the party going on downstairs, the top step creaking, he even misses his door opening too caught up in his own pleasure. Steve is wondering what it would feel like to rut his dick against Billy’s hard abs instead of the soft pillow beneath him. “Billy.” Steve moans softly, pressing his mouth into the pillow beneath his face to quiet himself, lest anyone hear.

Billy is not in the best mood after being begged into dressing like a clown and spending the afternoon entertaining shouting children but he is weak for crying children and Karen had wielded a snotty nosed and weeping Holly like a weapon. He is in desperate need of a break when he makes his escape partly looking for respite and part of him wondering where Steve has wandered off to a little disappointment he has not gotten to flirt with him even once today. All the doors are closed up here but he figures the one with what looks like natural light filtering under it probably has a window he can jimmy open and dust his ash outside of.

Billy opens the door and stops in his tracks at the sight he finds, cigarette hanging loosely from his lips as he takes it all in. Billy watches as Steve outlined by sunlight coming in through the half open window shades, naked and on display ruts down against a pillow looking like a wet dream. Billy licks over his lips, cigarette swiveling, frowning as grease paint from his painted smile gets in his mouth as he pops the buttons on his silly outfit over his dick pulling it out and stroking it in time with Steve's movements. He crushes the filter between his teeth as he hears the low moan of his name. "Shit pretty boy" Billy groans as he spits the cigarette out.

Steve turns at the voice and shrieks at finding the vaguely familiar party clown he saw making balloon animals earlier standing right there watching him and then he is out of sight and Steve is groaning as he hits the floor. Familiar laughter comes from the other side of the room as the door shuts the lock clicking. Big red shoes come into view first, then the stripped blue and yellow pants and miss matched everything all so bright and so unBilly but Steve knows it is him when that big stupid mouth opens with a grin all "Don't hurt yourself pretty boy, let me help you up." The only part of Billy that looks like Billy right now is his hand, silver rings unmistakable as he leans down and drags Steve up.

"You look fucking stupid" Steve blurts out like he is not naked, like this is not dangerous like he was not just getting off to this dangerous man, who already beat his face in once and could easily do it again.

The party going on downstairs is loud enough that Billy could do it right here and no one would hear him. Billy is in his space pulling him back up to his feet, like he weighs nothing and Steve is maybe a little lost, struck dumb and horny by those big hands on him, that little reminder of danger just adding to it.

"What you got a problem with clowns?" Billy asks, not really looking for an answer, laughing and pushing Steve toward the bed. "Guess you should lay back down again, come on pretty boy, get back into position and tell me what you were thinking about." Billy does not really give him a choice, pushing him down to the bed, hands arranging Steve like he is some sort of doll who cannot move on his own.

Steve should definitely protest, put up a little bit of a fight but the most he gets out is "Clowns are creepy" as his dick slides against the damp spot on the pillow. Billy just laughs again and slaps his ass hard, the sound of it echoing in his ears as he groans and presses his hips down hard against the pillow.

"I think you're more into clowns than you're willing to let on, pretty boy." Billy teases both hands finding Steve's ass, using his hold on his cheeks to make him press harder against his pillow, Billy wants to see him soak it. "Now tell me what you were thinking about." Billy insists, spreading Steve's cheeks apart, getting a look at his puckered hole, licking over his mouth hungrily.

"I don't know- oh fuck!" Steve practically shouts as Billy forces his cheeks apart again and then a tongue finds its way between them, lapping from his balls to his rim, pressing, probing, demanding entrance. Steve has to bite the pillow in front of his face, hips shifting in small movements because Billy's big hands are holding him down, controlling him as Billy's forces his tongue inside.

Billy gets Steve's crack soaked in spit, his grease paint smearing all over Steve's cheeks and crack and it keeps getting in his mouth gross and filmy but Billy does not give a shit as long as Steve keeps making

the little moans and groans against his pillow. "Asked you a question, pretty boy." Billy hisses snapping his teeth over a non-paint smeared portion of Steve's supple ass, hard and brushing, he wants to leave an impression, leave Steve marked, wants him to remember this for weeks to come every time he sits, a stinging reminder of Billy and the pleasure he can bring.

Steve cries out against the pillow at the sudden sting, it does nothing to dwindle his pleasure, if anything it makes him rut his dick a little more firmly against the pillow still incapable of really getting the amount of movement he would like. "You." Steve gets out after another sharp sting, another bite this time to his other ass cheek, Steve squirms knows he is going to have trouble sitting for a few days at least and he loves it, it makes his dick leak harder.

Billy grins, he knew, obviously he knew because why else would Steve moan his name while rutting against a pillow but he still likes the confirmation. Billy pulls back hands still firm on Steve's cheeks as he pulls his legs up on the bed settling between Steve's thighs, shuffling forward until he can slide his dick through Steve's crack, nice and wet from all of Billy's spit and grease paint. "What specifically about me, pretty boy?"

"Nothing." Steve mutters into the pillow, cheeks hot breath hitching as Billy's dick slides against his rim, trying not to give in and let every dirty thought he has ever had about Billy Hargrove slip past his lips. The thumbs pressing against his rim, using spit to press in just a little and pull him wider as Billy's cock slides back and forth between his cheeks, it has him biting his lip to keep quiet, a whimper still escapes when the tip of Billy's dick catches against his rim.

Billy watches his dick thrusting against Steve's skin, presses his cheeks together around his cock, his balls hanging down against Steve's hot and heavy. As much as Billy would like to hear all about Steve's dirty thoughts he does not need to hear them right now, more than willing to wait and drag them out of him when they have more time, there is no way Billy is going to let this be a one time thing.

Billy leans down, stomach and chest pressing against Steve's back, pressing him harder into the pillow under his hips, mouthing at his neck. "Guess I'll just do what I want then."

Steve gulps licking over his lips, nodding his head, he is totally on board with Billy doing whatever he wants so long as he is doing it to him, with him. Steve has a puddle of drool under his mouth as he moans into the pillow again, Billy's mouth against his neck, leftover grease paint smearing against his skin is a slick wet point of pleasure, Steve has always liked the feel of teeth against his flesh. Steve has a heady desire pooled in his bell as Billy's dick slides against his rim again, achingly empty when he could be full, they just need "lube."

Billy blinks at the muffled word, groaning against Steve's skin as he finally registers it. He was not going to do anything that needed lube, not today but if that is what Steve wants well Billy is more than happy to comply. "What was that pretty boy? Can't quite hear you?" Billy teases, pressing his hips harder against Steve, smirking as he feels Steve's clenching hole against his shaft, makes it a point to rub the tip of his cock over it as he spits pre.

"Lube Billy, get the fucking lube it's in the top drawer." Steve hisses as he pulls his mouth away from the pillow, slamming his face back against it as Billy bites him again while he presses his tip against his rim, making Steve moan and spit stick globs of pre against his pillow.

"Now what would we need that for?" Billy snorts against Steve's neck at the pissy little sound he makes against the pillow, digging around in his pocket. He had not planned on getting laid today but when he found out the party was at Steve Harrington's house he came prepared, he has been waiting on this pretty boy too long to miss out because neither of them have lube. Billy had spent a whole twenty minutes carefully pouring lube into a little squirting lapel flower that had come with the outfit.

"Hargrove." Steve tries bucking back annoyed at the teasing but

Billy's weight just presses him harder into the pillow, making his dick slide roughly against the wet pillow case. "If you're not going to fuck me, then get out so I can do it myself." Steve hisses like a threat, it is an empty one, Steve will take whatever Billy will give him but Billy does not need to know that.

"Calm down princess." Billy bites him again and Steve stops trying to buck him off, Billy trails his mouth up to his ear, teeth sinking in, satisfied with the way Steve goes all pliant, breathy little moans muffled in the pillow. "I came prepared." Billy whispers, kissing at Steve's stinging ear "Only question is do you want me to wrap it or should I fill you up, make you drip?" Billy really wants to slide into Steve bare but he is not about to just decide that for him.

Steve's brain is going to melt, he is sure all the heat coiling inside of him is going to kill him, Billy is trying to kill him. He knows what he should say, what he should choose but the idea of feeling Billy inside of him long after they leave this room is far too appealing. "Fuck Billy yes, yes, make me drip, please."

Billy muffles his moan against Steve's skin, he is better than anything Billy has ever imagined. "God pretty boy, aren't you perfect." Billy rasps, unable to resist before pushing back to his knees, watching his dick slide against Steve's crack a few more times before shuffling back a little further and pressing the yellow eye of the flower against Steve's rim.

Steve shrikes face buried, hands clenching in the pillow under his face at the sudden cold squirting into him, rim clenching uncontrollably, dick kicking and pressing hard against the wet ridges of the pillow. "It's fucking cold." Steve pulls his face away from the pillow to complain, twisting his neck to shoot Billy a glare and laughing at his half painted face, the greasepaint left thinned out and patchy. "You look so stupid" Steve's laugh cuts shorts with a hitching moan as Billy shoves two fingers in past his rim

"You don't look much better, got paint smeared all over you." Billy

points out as he scissors his fingers and he cannot help thinking Steve looks anything but stupid right now, covered in Billy's paint and bites, his spit and soon enough his cum will join the mess. Billy just laughs as Steve throws a hand out dismissively, hips jack rabbiting as Billy finds his prostate.

Steve is drooling by the time Billy gets three fingers in him, just a constant trickle of spit from his unclosing mouth. He has not been fingered in so long but it feels just as good as he remembers, maybe even better knowing it is Billy behind him, thick fingers opening him up for his thick cock. "Billy, Billy come on." Steve finally manages words as a fourth finger presses in, the stretch burning a little making his dick spit more pre and he is going to need a new pillow, he doubts the one under his hips soaked in pre is going to be salvageable by the time they are done.

"So impatient, pretty boy." Billy teases as he slowly drags his fingers out, like he is not dying to get inside of Steve, Billy slaps Steve's ass right over a bite, making him yelp and twist glaring at Billy. Billy just grins and licks over his teeth, cock in hand and he slaps it on that same bite now outlined in a red handprint.

Steve lets out another hitching moan quickly pressing his face into the wet pillow again, unable to control the volume as Billy finally presses in, cock thicker and longer than his fingers. Steve is dribbling a steady stream of pre onto the pillow as he ruts against it, short little things as Billy's hands find his hips keeping him from getting too far. Steve is lost in it, being filled like this, by Billy, his wet dreams come true and he is just babbling. "Fuck, yes. Billy. God. Good. So good."

Billy's mouth drops open as he bottoms out and Steve keeps babbling, barely making sense and Billy starts thrusting the stream of words breaking up with moans. "Shit pretty boy" Billy groans, shifting on the bed and dragging a foot up onto Steve's sheets, narrowly missing stepping on Steve's elbow with his red floppy shoe as he really starts up a momentum. "Been waiting so fucking long for this."

“Fuck. Stupid, shoes. Oh god” Steve gets a glimpse of that shoe on his sheets and some part of him registers a hint of annoyance, god how is this his life, how is he having sex with a clown right now. The fact that it is Billy is the only saving grace but Steve still tries to smack the shoe off of his bed, only for Billy to catch his hands and drag his arms behind his back, holding Steve’s wrist in one hand pressed against the small of his back. Steve may have known he had a thing for being manhandled before but being restrained like this, so effortlessly, it is going right to his dick, Billy finding his prostate and thrusting against it hard has him seeing stars. “Fuck, fuck, oh, oh yes ‘illy, close, close.”

Billy somehow hears the creak of the stairs over Steve’s cries of pleasure, quickly pressing Steve’s face into the pillow, not letting up on his thrusts. The knock on the door has Steve going tense, tightening around Billy’s cock as he keeps fucking into Steve refusing to stop, so close, they are both so close. “Steve! Are you awake! They’re going to do the cake!” Billy leans forward pressing Steve down into the pillows even harder, groan muffled into Steve’s back as Dustin shouts through the door, both of them tensing as he tries the handle.

Steve has a spike of panic shooting through him that only makes his pleasure spike higher in turn, he feels like he is hyperventilating as Billy keeps thrusting, one more hit against his prostate has him shooting, cum soaking into his already ruined pillow, noises muffled into the pillow he bites into. “Mom said she’ll save you a piece but you better hurry!” Dustin shouts again, giving up on the door and Steve hardly notices it, too consumed by his own pleasure and the feel of Billy’s hips jack rabbiting before he is spilling deep inside of him, teeth pressed into his back leaving yet another stinging mark as he muffles himself.

Billy pants, laving at the new bite to Steve’s skin as he pumps his hips until he is spent, slowly leaning up and taking his weight off of Steve’s back, releasing his hold on his wrist stroking over the flesh coloring a soft purple red. “Fuck pretty boy.” Is all Billy can get out for a few moments struck cum dumb as he bends forward again

rubbing his chin and cheek against Steve's shoulder blades peppering kisses and smearing more greasepaint.

Steve turns his head out of the pillow sucking in fresh air, spit wet fabric rough against his cheek, no hint of that earlier aching tension left in his body. He whines as Billy straightens again and starts pulling out. It marks him twitch and squirm and he is not sure if he feels uncomfortable with the drag or if he is getting horny again, it is all a little much and his spent cock rubbing against the cum soaked pillow beneath him is not helping him figure things out. He feels his cheeks heating as he lets out an embarrassing noise, at the feel of cum slipping down his taint, humping back as Billy drags his thumb up his taint catching the cum and pressing it back in.

Billy watches Steve fuck himself back on his thumb, whining the whole time and it makes Billy's cock twitch thinking about filling him up all over again so soon. Steve finally decides he has had enough, flopping forward and kicking a foot back when Billy follows with his thumb. "Need a break." Is tiredly mumbled into the messy pillows and it has hope bubbling in Billy's belly.

"That means we can do this again?" Steve cracks an eye open looking at Billy smeared in greasepaint and spit. He should not find this attractive but he is not really sure Billy could ever be unattractive. Steve squirms as he feels cum and lube trying to escape again, shifting his hips higher to keep it inside, not ready to feel it all drip out yet.

"Only if you lose the clown get up." Billy barks out a laugh at that, he did not want to be in this stupid clown costume anyhow.

"Sure thing pretty boy." Steve hums as Billy agrees excited and ready for a shower, stretching as best he can with the headboard so close and Billy right behind him, twisting like a cat and when Billy's hands find his hips he goes easily as Billy's shifts him to his back nose scrunching up as he is pressed into the wet pillows. He does not care for long as Billy kisses him and he knows he is going to have even

more greasepaint to clean off but he finds he does not much care with Billy's tongue in his mouth.

-End

Author's Note:

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